

# HOW TO GET FAT CAUSE OF GREAT ANXIETY TO DAN

"We began with starches, sweets and fats. They meant little in our meals before we began building up. Now we eat them regularly. It was the same with desserts and sweets. Pie a la mode was not particularly inviting to us. Sometimes we eat two pastries at the close of a meal."



By DAN CAREY.

WHO started this agitation in favor of growing thin, anyway?

Now that we have achieved the ambition of our life, attained the success that comes from honest endeavor, and have succeeded in working up to a rotundity of form that pleases us and a cheeriness of spirit that is the envy of our friends, we are informed that our system was all wrong and that we should have been endeavoring to remain thin.

We don't believe it. We are fat and intend to remain so. We are perfectly satisfied. No rolling on the floor for us, no boxing with an imaginary antagonist, no waving of arms like a windmill in front of a blank wall, no dieting, no five mile runs before breakfast. Quite the contrary. Plenty of sleep for us, three good honest meals a day, a little more to drink than the law allows, as little work as possible and a seat and a half on the street cars. That's our programme.

To be perfectly frank we hesitated at some length before taking issue with two such eminent students of dietetics as Don Marquis and Irvin Cobb, and after reading "One Third Off," by the latter, and "Eat, Drink and Be Merry for Tomorrow Ye Diet," by the former, we waited patiently for some other member of our group of "Beat Minds" to answer them. They have not done so. The task is ours.

Shakespeare had the right idea. One of the cruelest of all his characters is *Julius Caesar*. Shakespeare has him say:

"Let me have men about me that are fat. Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Shakespeare was right. Such men are indeed dangerous. If Irvin Cobb and Don Marquis don't change their way of living and return to a normal diet again they will both eventually forsake the field of humor and become dangerous. We expect the time to come when Irvin Cobb will have a set of whiskers and be making a speech from a soap box in Madison Square, while Don Marquis, wearing a lean and hungry look, will be leading a mob of rioters in an attack on a restaurant.

ONCE we were almost thin.

Last spring we began wasting away. Our measurements were not up to standard. Around the waist we were a bare forty. Our chest was no more than forty-six. The supply of collars which we had accumulated, all of size seventeen, were beginning to be too loose around our neck. Our clothes began to look as if they were not our own but appeared to have been bestowed upon us by some stout friend who had grown tired of them.

Our disposition became affected. Trivial things began to annoy us. We even got so we could miss a meal without being inconvenienced in body or hampered in mental processes. A complete realization of what we were drifting into came to us one afternoon at the Press Club. Ah, well, do we remember the day. We were playing Kelly pool. Our opponents were Don Marquis, Abe Baerman and Baron Folger. We began to lose. We had a complete reversal of form.

Suddenly it came to us that we were not playing Kelly pool at all. We were really trying to win.

Hastily excusing myself, we placed our cue back in the rack, and, with the tears ready to burst from our eyes, we left the club. As we remember it, we forgot to pay up.

At midnight in the loneliness of our library we fought against our temptations and won. We realized that we would either have to purchase an entire outfit of new clothes and then probably begin writing on serious subjects, or we would have to reform, drink more, eat more intelligently and work less in order to build ourselves back to where our clothes would fit again and our friends be glad to see us.

WE had a general idea of what to do in order to build up, but we wanted quick action, so we wrote a letter to the lady who has charge of the magazine

## Finally Studies Plans for Getting Thin and Does Exactly the Opposite With Success---Eat Everything Often, Drink More Than Law Allows and Do as Little Work as Possible, Is His Recipe After Practical Study

department which gives advice on how to get thin. We asked her what to do. She answered. She gave us a list of things we must not eat if we wanted to get thin. She gave us advice about the kind of exercise we ought to take. Thus forearmed we studiously avoided the kind of exercise she recommended, and the things she said we should not eat and drink we promptly added to our diet.

We began with starches, sweets and fats. We have never cared much for bread and butter. They meant little in our meals before we began building up. Now we eat them regularly. It was the same with desserts and sweets. Pie a la mode was not particularly inviting to us. We are beginning to like it. Sometimes we eat two pastries at the close of a meal.

Then about drinking. Formerly we often refused. Now we always say "yes." Incidentally it is perfectly surprising how one may train one's self to say "yes" upon being invited to take a drink. After a few weeks of practice it becomes the most natural thing in the world. Confirmed teetotalers have told us with tears of gratitude in their eyes that they have cured themselves in a few weeks of a lifetime of teetotaling by simply bringing their will power into action and compelling themselves to say "yes."

So we not only did that but in addition we repeated over and over "I will get fat, I will get fat, I will get fat."

AT the end of one week we weighed. We had gained two pounds. We felt better, but it was not enough. We determined to go direct to headquarters for advice. We sought Don Marquis. We had an idea that perhaps Don would be like the fox whose tail was cut off and who tried to make bob-tail foxes the fashion, so we did not tell him that we were trying to build up. Instead we allowed him to believe that we also desired to be thin. From that angle we approached him and wormed our way into his confidence. We deceived him grossly.

"Don," we asked casually, as if it were of no moment at all and thus giving him the idea immediately that it meant a great deal to us, "what was it principally that was making you fat?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "I was very fond of an enormous section of mince pie with an order of Welsh rarebit poured over it. I would eat that late at night, just before going to bed, and I have an idea it was the most harmful thing I did."

We take pleasure in informing him that his judgment was correct. That one delicacy has done more to restore us to the splendid form that we have longed for than anything else. We advocate it as a steady diet for those who would be fat.

FAT persons are the gentlest, most considerate, most cheerful, best hearted of us all. Who ever heard of a fat

villain on the stage? It simply isn't done, that's all. The producers know that a fat villain would ruin the whole show. It would be unnatural.

Wiry men with cavernous eyes and thin lips are the fellows who carry disks in their boots and evil words behind a slick tongue. The fellow with a nice, round face like a full moon and with the corners of his mouth ever with an upward curve is the hero of the play. Of course we will not argue the question, but it may be that we get our ideas about heroes and villains from the operas. Somehow or other the hero always has the tender role, and fat men just can't help singing tenor.

HERE is another thing that few persons realize. The accumulation of fat is directly attributable to a good conscience. Those who have souls that are weighted down with sin do not sleep well at night, but roll and toss through troubled dreams. They awake tired in body and anxious in mind. They do not think about the enjoyment of their meal at breakfast. At lunch and dinner their minds are full of their misdeeds. They grow nervous and irritable and complain about the dishes that are placed before them.

Now nature can't successfully pump blood into the brain to take care of a troubled conscience and into the stomach to take care of the digestive organs at the same time.

The man whose conscience is clear, who loves his neighbor, and perhaps his neighbor's wife, sets up no conflict in his system.

He gives himself over to the business of eating at the proper hours three times a day. His mind is at rest. The result is perfect digestion, a proper assimilation of food, a utilization of what is necessary to carry on the machine until the next meal, storage of the remainder until the time when it may be needed. In a word the result is an accumulation of fat.

ONCE we knew a lady who was fat. She admitted it. So did all her friends, that is they admitted it to each other, but not to her. She had one of these glorious double chins that resemble a face from which the features and the expression are lacking. A competent artist could have painted quite successfully her portrait on her double chin, thus giving her the appearance of being twins, one above the other, but with the same body. Now that we come to think about it we believe that this would have improved her appearance. We always knew there was something lacking about that chin and now we know that it was expression.

They did not use much paint in the days of her prime, that is the girls did not. The use of paint, other than that utilized by the sign, house and portrait painters in an endeavor to improve the tone of their respective arts, was largely confined to the operations of convivial spirits who wandered through the community during the evening hours, dodging the police here and their

parents there, and who left an incendiary hue in their wake.

Well, as we were on the point of saying, we have seen some girls on the streets recently whose faces have no more expression than could have been painted upon the double chin of the lady we are referring to. In other words, while an expression could have been successfully painted on her chin, the girls now paint out whatever expression they may have had. They accomplish this by spreading red paint on their cheeks and lower jaws from a point even with their eyes to the place where their necks start. This is followed by white paint which starts on the noses, just at the eyebrows and ends well below the chin. The third application is on the lips. It consists of brilliant carmine. The general effect of all this is to give the appearance of something that started out to be a doll but was changed into a clown.

Anyhow, we didn't start out to criticize the girls. We were speaking of a lady who had a double chin. She knew she had it but was sensitive about it. One afternoon, just before dusk, we were seated in her living room conversing with her husband. She waddled hurriedly through the front door and excitedly confronted her husband.

"I have been insulted," she said, "insulted dreadfully, and I want you to go right out and have them arrested. If you don't I will most certainly!"

"Wait a minute," interrupted her husband. "Who insulted you?"

"Four negro women right at the next corner. Now go on out and!"

"Please be calm about it," he said, interrupting again. "Now tell me exactly what they said in order that I may know what to do."

"Well," she answered, "I got off the street car and started home. These four negro women were at the corner, and evidently saw me coming. Just as I was passing them they insulted me. That's all there was to it."

"But what did they say?"

"They just said—er, made an insulting remark to me."

"What was it?"

"Well, if you insist I will tell you what they said, but don't either one of you dare to laugh. If you do you will hear from me about it. Just as I was passing these negroes one of them laughed and slapped another on the arm."

"My Gawd!" she said, "look at her chin!"

The husband laughed. A week later we saw him and he told us she was speaking to him again.

## Many Varieties of Birds Visiting New York

### Fall Migration Brings Great Number of Feathered Friends Which Stay Awhile

THE casual pedestrian in Central Park these days who has an eye for our feathered friends will notice a great many varieties of birds that look unfamiliar to him. He may see as many as fifteen species of warblers, the northern water thrush, the red breasted nuthatch, the blue headed vireo, the olive backed thrush, the yellow bellied sapsucker, the ruby crowned kinglet and a great many others. If he is observant he will begin to think that our bird life is becoming richer. But he will be in error. These birds are only autumn visitors, come to stay a month or so during their fall migration southward. Our permanent bird residents are not getting more numerous; they are, in fact, decreasing, and if we are not careful many of our most beautiful native birds will shake the dust of New York from their wings and leave us for good.

The reasons for this are several. The greatest, of course, is the breaking up by our civilization of the natural affinities of nature. For affinities are not confined to freshmen and college widows, tired business men and chorus girls, giddy wives and tangoing lounge lizards. They are found throughout nature. Birds and beasts and insects all have their affinities and natural attractions.

#### Why Birds Like Certain Trees

#### And How Deforestation Affects Them

These instinctive loves of nature are often like the love of the wolf for Little Red Riding Hood. One species loves another because it can eat it; just as human beings love roast beef on the hoof. Something of this is at the bottom of the attraction of birds for trees. Ornithologists have noticed that certain trees and shrubs bring native birds to them. When these trees and shrubs are cut down or die out the birds disappear. The denudation of our American forests, which has progressed so gleefully with the march of our civilization, has led to a rapid thinning out of our bird life. Of course there are other reasons. In New York city one of the worst offenders against birds is that unlovely creature the stray cat, which stalks by thousands in our

back yards. Then there is the thoughtless hunter and the robber of birds' nests, products, both of them, like the stray cat, of a ruthless civilization.

In our comparatively treeless city the lack of plants and shrubs that furnish food and shelter for birds is causing them to leave us for more hospitable places. Birds are governed more by the food supply than by the climate. They will go far afield from their native habitat to satisfy their hunger, and they will often endure pretty rough weather if their meal ticket is good. Even such an exotic creature as the mockingbird has been known to live outdoors in New York from October to January in a very cold winter, because it had a private tree well stocked with berries. The waxwing, the robin and the bluebird may be tempted to stay with us all winter if there are plenty of berries on the cedar trees for them. Warblers become our winter guests when bayberries are plenty. Seed bearing weeds make a cold weather boarding house for juncos and tree sparrows. Seed filled sunflower heads make a winter's feast for goldfinches. Buckwheat chaff in a field near Englewood, N. J., supported a flock of mourning doves one whole winter. Food supplied by their human friends is also very welcome to the birds. Crumbs and seeds will bring juncos, tree sparrows and purple finches. Suet, ham bones and bits of meat make a welcome tidbit for chickadees, nuthatches and downy woodpeckers.

Ornithologists agree that one of the most far sighted philanthropies that bird lovers can establish for their winged friends is to plant trees and shrubs that will afford them food and shelter. Many of our most beautiful native trees are attractive to birds. The cardinal flicker, kingbird, bluebird, robin, cedar waxwing, Baltimore oriole and other birds are very fond of the flowering dogwood, mulberry, wild black cherry, American elder and high bush blueberry. Such strangers as the Russian mulberry attract robins and thrushes. The native red cedar, the native sassafras, the Chinese flowering crabapple, all beautiful trees, furnish birds

with nesting sites and with both insects and berries for food. Among the shrubs the choke berry, spice bush, bittersweet, swamp root and others are much liked by birds. The Virginia creeper is also popular as a nesting place. Planting these trees will not only give us a richer bird life but will add to the beauty of our towns and countryside.

That we are losing many birds which formerly graced us with their presence is an observed fact. One of them, the cardinal, that used to be a visitor in Central Park and was listed as a resident in the Museum Field book in 1912, has not been seen here for some years. Other varieties are getting less numerous. If we are not careful our only bird will be the English sparrow, that hardy and bold invader, who has become used to the tricky ways of man through thousands of years of contact with him. The history of the sparrow in this country is a peculiar one. It was first introduced in America in 1850, when eight pairs were brought to Brooklyn by the Brooklyn Museum. This was against the advice of many ornithologists, who believed they would drive out native birds. In 1858 more sparrows were brought to Boston, and in 1864 seven pairs were released in Central Park. There were other importations from time to time. The sparrow has increased prodigiously, and threatens to do to many of our native birds what our pioneer ancestors did to the Indians.

#### Birds of Value in the City.

#### Especially So in the Harbor

The unsentimental may object that, after all, it is not so necessary to preserve bird life. Their argument, no doubt, would rest on the assumption that birds are merely ornamental. But, aside from their beauty, birds are very desirable. They serve man in many ways, by eating up harmful insects and by acting as scavengers. Birds eat up the bugs at an astonishing rate. Frank M. Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History, reports the case of a Maryland yellow throat, who was observed to eat 3,500

plant lice in forty minutes, or at the rate of 5,700 an hour!

The value of birds as scavengers in a city like New York cannot be minimized. Various kinds of birds act as scavengers. There are the sparrows and other birds of our streets and the gulls in the harbor. The gulls feed on vegetable and animal matter floating on the water. They cluster about the sewers of the Street Cleaning Department in hundreds of thousands, and when the sewers dump their loads they make away with all the edible material that floats. They are thus of great economic value to the city in keeping the waters free of pollution and in destroying breeding places for harmful insects. And think of what the birds of the Hackensack meadows have done to exterminate the Jersey skeeter!

Chapman, in his book on our birds, published in 1912, lists thirty-eight as permanent residents of New York city and vicinity and twenty-five as winter residents here. At least one of the list has deserted us since then, and others are disappearing. We must exert ourselves to make the birds feel at home with us, to keep those that live here and to attract others. The balance of nature must be preserved to guard against insect epidemics, even if we are not interested in birds for themselves. The best way to do it, ornithologists agree, is to plant trees, build bird boxes and curb the predatory stray cat. But the greatest of these is tree planting.

### Lived 100 Years

ON last March 24 Charles Tully of Hassocks, Sussex county, England, celebrated his hundredth birthday by working a full day in his garden preparing the ground and planting potatoes. He has no difficulty in setting a garden line, for his eyesight is excellent.

In telling about his long life he said that he was first a pork butcher and afterward a farmer. At the time of his retirement from active farming he controlled 2,000 acres. This occurred when he was 80 years old.

This is his recipe for long life: Hard work in the open air, good food and enough of it, but not much at night; a nightcap of whiskey and milk, to bed not later than 10 and up by 7 in the morning if not earlier. These are still his habits.

OF course, the work of getting fat has been considerably increased by the prohibition amendment. In the old days a man could polish a rail with his foot, wear out the elbows of his coat on a bar and spend an evening drinking beer with a reasonable certainty that each quart was adding its quota to his accumulation. Now that this is taken away the chances are that we are destined to become a nation of scrawny, emaciated villains, each with a dirk in his boot or a gun on his hip, and each ready to engage in a private quarrel or start a riot, whichever seems the most opportune. As a matter of fact the newspaper accounts of various occurrences throughout the country seem to indicate that we are rapidly approaching this very condition of life.

We once knew a municipal officeholder who laid by a large amount of fat through a scientific research that he conducted during a period of several years. He undertook to decide whether peanuts were better in taste than beer. Every evening he would purchase a large quantity of peanuts and repair to his favorite saloon, where he would pursue his study. He ate bushels of peanuts and drank kegs of beer in an attempt to arrive at a decision. He was a fair minded man and was not given to hasty opinions. So far as we know the coming of prohibition found him with the question still unsettled.

It is only another instance of interference by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution with the serious lifework of a man who had devoted both time and study, years of the one and much of the other, in an endeavor to solve one of the problems that confronted mankind wherever there were peanuts and wherever there was beer.

Now we hope that no one is going to take lightly what we have written about the desirability of dieting in order to get fat. We mean every word of it. We know we have taken the sensible position.